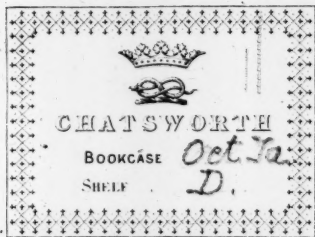


# Guystarde and Sygysmonde,

There foloweth the amorous byssoye of  
Guystarde and Sygysmonde / and of  
theyr dolorous deth by her father / newly  
traslated out of laten in to engyshe by  
Wyllm Walter seruaunt to syr Henry  
Barney knyght chaunceler of the Duchy  
of Lancastre.





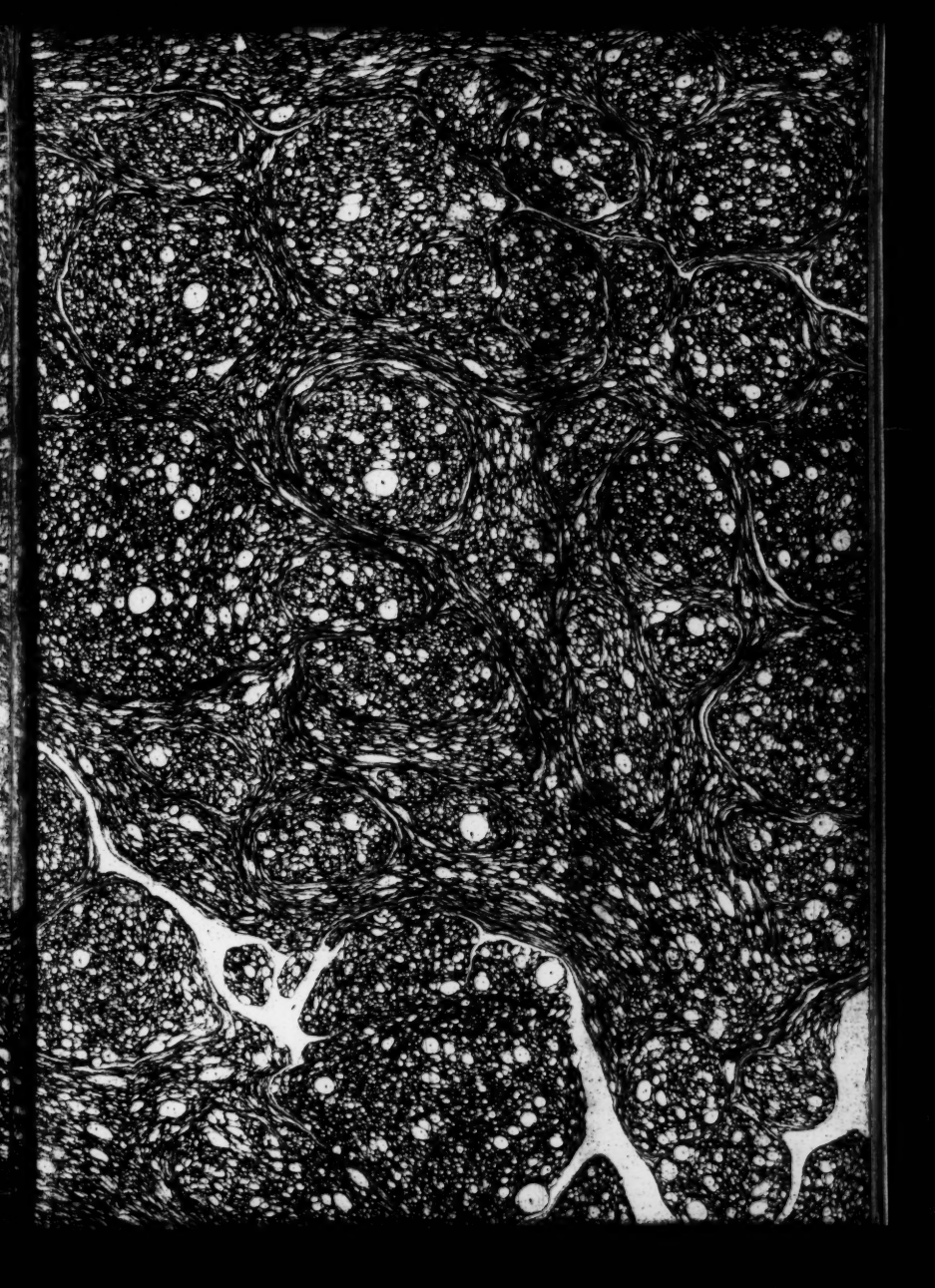
CHATSWORTH

BOOKCASE

*Oct 1st*

SHELF

*D.*



# THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





**C**R. Coplande to the translatour.

**T**hynflaminate desyre/ of your good intent  
Newes to compyle/ eschewynge ydelnesse  
Cometh of grace/ & of wysdome excellent  
To occupy iuche/ as haue no besynesse  
Whiche stur of doyng/ moche harme doth oppresse  
For surely ydelnesse/ is portresse of all synne  
Euery vyce/ redy to lette in

**T**he wretched lyfe/ of osyosyte  
Engendzeth slouth/ pouerte and payne  
It is nouryce/ of voluptuosyte  
And letteth the mynde on all thynges bayne  
It sleeth the body/ and troubleth the brayne  
Unstydeth the wyte/ and wasteth good dede  
And letteth vertu/ and goodnesse to procede

**E**xample playne/ of ydle Sygysmonde  
Redde deyntely/ no maner werke to vse  
Whiche caused ydelnesse/ toz to habonde  
And vnto pleasure/ set onely toz to muse  
Daunce/ longe/ and play/ the dyd not refuse  
Whiche thynges allembled/ engendzede deylte  
At naturall lust/ to do her appetyte

**T**here lacketh besynesse/ and good pastyme  
Grace of good doyng/ was from her exyled  
Caught as a byrde/ tangled with lyme  
Fyrt by one fether/ and than with all begyled  
Wyght so who with this vyce is fylled  
Take with one synne/ all other dothe ensue  
Er go/ good besynesse/ is gate of vertue

**T**hus endeth the prologue.

A.ij.

**H**ow Sygysmonde after  
p deth of her husbände  
was enamored of  
one Cupstarde  
a man of her  
faders  
hous.

**P**rince of Salerne somtyme was one Tacerde  
A noble man gentyll lowly and sage  
Greatly prayled for his manhode and ded  
yf he had not take vengeaunce in his age  
Of two louers done by his fell courage  
For they loued eche other tenderly  
By cruell meane he caused them to dy

**T**his noble man had neuer other chyld  
But a doughter of excellent beaute  
Prudent in her youthe sage and nothyng wyld  
Her father loued her ryght tenderly  
So lothe he was to lese her company  
That no man coude haue her in maryage  
Tyll that she was aboue her lawfull age

**S**ygysmonde was the name of this lady  
Whiche was wedded with her faders counseyle  
Unto the dukes sone of Campany  
But in shorte tyme after theyz espousayle  
Dethe with his darte her husbände dyd assayle  
After whose deth she dyd not longe sojournie  
But to her father she dyd home retourne

**O**f shape and persone she was well fourmed  
Her face and colour fayre and amiable  
Nature in beauty her so fornysshed  
That none to her was equiperable  
Her maner and wysdome commendable  
In all her dedes she was excellent  
More than to woman is expedyent

**I**n her faders house she longe sojournynge  
In welthe and ease and greate prosperyte  
Her faders mynde whan she had perceyvinge  
How he in her had suche felcyte  
That to mary her he wolde not agre  
And how it sholde be shame for hym to requyre  
To accomplishe her pleasure and desyre

**W**herfore she concluded in her mynde  
Some gentyll man for her louer to chose  
Whiche wolde vnto her be secret and kynde  
With whome she myght her pleasure somtyme vse  
The chaunce of loue she coude no wyse refuse  
Cuppyde so soze her herte had set on fyre  
That nede she must accomplishe her desyre

**O**f nobles and other of meane degree  
Her faders house was greatly fornysshed  
As noble householders are wont for to be  
Spgg smonde theyr maners oft regarded  
Amonge whome one out she had espyed  
Vertuous/humble/stedfast/prew/and sage  
How be it he was but of small lygnage

**T**his noble yonge man Guystarde had þ name  
Upon Whome ofte Sygysmonde her loke dyd cast  
His noblesse her herte dyd soze enflame  
And for she had full oft founde hym stedfast  
Hym for to loue she Was nothyng agast  
His sadde behauour wounded her soze  
That loue in her encreased more and more

**T**his yonge man lyke wyse of wyte excellent  
Perceyvinge the noblesse of this lady  
In her loue so feruently he bzent  
That nyght nor dape he coude rest quyetly  
To loue his mynde so moche he dyd apply  
That by delyre he Was so soze opprest  
His paynfull loue he coude in no wyse dygest

**E**che of other Was soze enamoured  
yet none of them knewe the others mynde  
Sygysmonde nothyng so moche delyred  
As Guystarde in a secrete place to fynde  
To Whome she myght bewray her loue so kynde  
To none other she durst shewe het purpose  
Leest they to her father wolde it dysclose

**S**he coueptynge her mynde for to fulfyll  
All her mynde she wrote in a lettere  
And in an holowe rede she put the byll  
And to hym she gaue it with smyllynge chere  
Byddynge hym to bere it to her chambere  
And to delyuer it vnto her mayd  
To kyndle the fyre it was good she sayd

**C** Guystarde than toke the foresayd rede  
Sayenge he wolde soone do her commaundement  
But in his thoughte he well ymagyned  
It was not gyuen hym but for some entent  
Wherfore vnto his chambze he forth went  
And brake the rede/wherin he dyd espy  
The letter enclosed ryght secretly

**C** Whan that he had ouer red the byll well  
Wherin her purpose he had perceyued  
He was so mery that no tongue can tell  
The ioye whiche his herte had suppyled  
For it was the thyng he moost desyred  
Wherfore he agreed her mynde to fulfyll  
Accordynge to the tenoure of the byll

**C** B. Coplāde to these louers in the effect of they?  
**S** Here in loue/the merueylous effect (loue  
Without foresyght/compassynge y ende  
Onely of lust/the doyng to coniect  
As by this lady/whiche dyd condescende  
Vnto this knyght/her mynde so to haue pende  
Not regardynge/her state of wydowheed  
Honour and good fame/forgetynge as deed

**C** O folysshe Guystarde/O vnwyse Sygysmonde/  
O nerue Pyramus/O yonge Wanton Chylbe/  
Was no reason/noz fere in you founde  
To pondze of Cancrede/the inwarde cruelte  
O blinde loue/suche is thy properte  
Pouthe to enclose with thy lubyke fyze  
Nothyng regarded/but to do they? desyre

**A**las Guystarde where is thy memory  
 Thou doost not ponde thy maysters gentylnesse  
 Whiche from thy yowthe hath fostred tenderly  
 His house & daughter thou wylt pollute rechelesse  
 Thou wylt dystayne his honour and noblenesse  
 His loue thou testest his good wyfe and his dede  
 Beware suche seruyce suche is the wage or mede

How after that Guystarde had receyued þe rede of  
 Sygysmonde he founde the caue where thowowe he  
 went to her chambze.



**T**here was a caue ioynynge vnto the place  
 Whiche was out of mānes remembraunce past  
 for it was not bled of longe space  
 On the toppe therof in lyght for to cast  
 There was an hole whiche was so olde and wast  
 That thornes and bzyres dyd it ouet growe  
 So that the entre therof none myght knowe

**A**nd from the caue there was a secrete way  
Whiche of no creature was espyed  
Unto the chambze where as Sygysmonde lay  
The way therof so longe was dyslused  
The doze of the sayd caue was fast barred  
Whiche passage was stopped so secretly  
That harde it was the entrynge to espye

**S**ygyssmonde by the secrete introduccyon  
Of loue from whose eyes nothynge can be hyd  
Of the sayd caue she founde the entrynge soone  
And in to it alone she descended  
Bothe length and depnesse she well regarded  
And to Guystarde she made therof repozte  
By wytyngge how he myght to her resozte

**G**uystarde of this beyng aduertysed  
Dydred all thynge mete to his besynesse  
A ledder cote for hym he deuysed  
From thornes and byeres to kepe hym harmelesse  
And in the nyght thyder he dyd hym dresse  
And by a rope in to the caue dyd slyde  
And there for her all nyght he dyd abyde

**I**n the mozynge whan the day gan to appere  
Sygyssmonde caused to auoyde by a trayne  
The maydes whiche lay within her chambere  
Sapenge that nyght she shude not slepe for payne  
And quyetly than to rest she wolde sayne  
And after them she locked fast the doze  
Of her purpose she thought she wolde be sure

Guyss.

B. i.



**I**n to the caue the gothe incontynent  
Fyndynge Gypstarde she oft dyd hym embrace  
In to her chambze they bothe after went  
And vnto bedde they yede for theyr solace  
Theyr pleasaunt lyfe they contynue a space  
Enforlynge them selfe to please eche other  
Tyll it was tyme for them to dysseuer

**G**ypstarde in to the caue went secretly  
After whome she locked the doze full fast  
And to her maydens she went hastily  
But he durst not whyle the day dyd last  
Go from the caue but whan mydnyght was past  
He went out so that none hym espyed  
And vnto his house fast he hym hyed

**O**ften tymes this custome they bled  
Theyr lyfe amorous ledynge couertly  
Of a longe tyme it was not perceyued  
But fortune whiche is alway contrary  
By his harde chaunce these louers dyd dyscry  
So that with forowe ended theyr pleasure  
There is no iope that alway may endure

**C**ancrede alone bled customably  
Vnto his doughters chambze to resort  
And on her bedde to slepe somtyme wolde ly  
Or els with her to fynde some game and spoyle  
In her talkynge he had full greates confort  
And whan he had ben there a certayne space  
He wolde departe vnto some other place

**H**e came vnto her chambze on a day  
Whyle she was with her maydens in the gardyne  
He seynge that she was bely in play  
Besyde her bedde he dyd hym selfe declyne  
Afore his face he dyd drawe the curtyn  
A soft pylowe vnder his heed he cast  
His wery body fell a slepe full fast

**S**yggmonde before her chambze wyndowes shyt  
For with Guystarde she had made apoyntment  
The same day to haue a merry fyt  
And whan she thought her tyme conuenient  
Out of the gardyne secretly she went  
And vnto her chambze she resorted  
And after her the doze she fast locked

**S**he not knowynge her father there a slepe  
The casue doze she opened with her key  
And caused Guystarde out of it to crepe  
And on the bedde as they were wont alway  
Of Venus they vled the spozte and play  
So that by noyse and wordes that they dyd make  
Cancrede her father out of his slepe dyd wake

**C**ancrede from his slepe moued sodenly  
All they pastyme he well aduertysed  
At the fyrst tyme he dyd thynke for to crye  
But in hym selfe he well delybered  
By sylence his mynde sholde be better sped  
And that he myghte with delyberacyon  
Upon them bothe take iust correccyon

Where from nops he kept hym selfe full close  
These towers whan they had done theyr pleasure  
With glad semblaunt they bothe from y bedde rose  
The dede they thought ryght secrete and sure  
In to the caue whiche was depe and obscure  
Guyllarde went in as he was wont to do  
And Sygysmond dedyd to her maydens go

Ch. Coplande by exclamacyon to fortune.

**U**nstable fortune / to mynynge as the see  
Tha ylemore upper / frosen after rayne  
Here is thy sede / here is thy properte  
Neiter more / but chaungcable todayne  
These tow towers / by thy byttle trayne  
Thou hast assembled / and now wylt dysceuer  
A worthy acte / this is thy guyle euer

Pyram and Thybe / thou goodly behyght  
Dydo to Cne / thou caused to conbyne  
Arcyte to Emely / wylfurgyt  
And Heleyn to Parys / holly to euylpne  
Pyomyneus to Achelant of noble lyne  
Troilus to Creseide / by reason of Pandare  
At last bywares / thou dydest them separe

O fortune harde / of chaunces moost extreme  
To bynynge her father / O wycked lacke traytrell  
Was there none other person in all the reime  
For to dyscouer / theyr secret besynesse  
None / no / alas / here is greake heynesse  
Of any other / if myght haue bin denyde  
But nay for sothe / thou fortune hast them trayde

**How Guystarde was taken  
comynge out of the caue.**



**A**ncrede for this chaunce beyng troubled  
From the chambze secretly dyd ysue  
And With Watche men the caue he enclosed  
Within the nyght Guystarde for to pursue  
As he came oute they toke this louer true  
In his ledder cote as he was clothed  
Befoze Cancrede they haue hym presented

**C**ancrede vnto hym spake thus cruelly  
Guystarde my kyndnesse hath not deserued  
That thou sholde do to me this bylany  
Whiche With myne eyen this day I espyed  
I haue alwaye the greatly fauoured  
Thou hast dyshonoured me by thynne offence  
For kyndnesse shame thou doest me recompence

**T**he true louer answered pyteously  
Unto Cankerde sayenge syz for certayne  
The harde chaunce of loue no man can deny  
It is greater than is the power humayne  
From it I coude my selfe in no wyse refrayne  
Your pyssalunce may not vnto loue compare  
Loue is so greate that it wyll no man spare

**T**his prynce for this beyng full of sorowe  
Commaunded hym to be kept in prysone  
And after dynner on the nexte morowe  
Unto his doughters chambze he went ryght soone  
All were auoyded saue they two alone  
With heuy chere thus vnto her he sayd  
Whiche knewe nothyng her counsell was bewrayd

**S**ygyssmonde I haue ben longe dysceyued  
By your honest vertu and sadde prudence  
Whiche vnto me so stedfast appered  
That in you I had so greate confydence  
Thynkyng ye wolde neuer do suche offence  
No man coude haue made me it to byleue  
yf with myne eyes the dede I dyd not proue

**T**hy heynous trespase doth my herte soze greue  
Whiche contynually is in my thought  
That the small tyme whiche I haue to leue  
In sorowe to ende thou hast it now brought  
At lest yf thou had mynded to be nought  
Thou shoulde haue taken one to thy degre  
Conuenient the lesse the faute had be

**C**But of the multytude that bfe my hall  
Thou hast chosen Guystarde thy loue to be  
Whiche is moost symple and poocest of them all  
Not gentyll bozne but come of lowe degre  
Whome we haue nouryshted for charyte  
Wherfore I am so wrapped in sorowe  
That what to do as yet I do not knowe

**C**Of Guystarde whiche is in captyvte <sup>+</sup>  
What I wyll do I am delybered  
But what punysshement I shall take on the  
As yet my mynde is not determyned  
Loue wolde the offence to be pardoned  
The trespase requyrez vengeaunce certayne  
Iustyce wolde punyshe/nature wolde refrayne

**T**herfore my mynde as yet is baryable  
Not knowynge what to done what counceyll  
Sholde to this mater be moost profytable  
But I thought fyrst to knowe thy mynde and wyll  
And vpon that my pleasure to fulfyll  
These wordes sayd/he cast asyde his eye  
And lyke a chyld he wept haboundauntly

**C**Sygysmonde her ynge her father thus speke  
And how Guystarde was put in pryson depe  
For sorowe her herte in two dyd nyghe breke  
Unneth from sownynge she coude her selfe kepe  
But lamentably she full fast dyd wepe  
Knowynge theyr loue to be dyscouered  
Whiche of longe tyme had be full closely hyd

**S**he baynquysshynge her femynyne courage  
With constant mynde she dyd cease to lament  
For angre she knyt the browes and bysage  
And for to dye in herte she dyd assent  
yf Guystarde dyed by her faders Judgement  
Wherfore of derhe she beyuge not dysmayd  
Unto her facher these wordes she sayd

**F**ather your mercy I Wyll not requyre  
Syth your mynde is my loue for to kyll  
I shall nothyng eptayne of my desyre  
And as for me it shall be at your Wyll  
Whyder that ye Wyll my lyfe do saue or spyll  
The one I knowe Well I shall neuer get  
The other to haue I do not couet

**W**herfore your mercy I do now despyse  
And with good reason for to purge my fame  
Of this my dede lette it you now suffyse  
That ye your selfe of it are moost to blame  
For I had neuer come vnto this shame  
yf it had not ben by your necligence  
Syth I dyd yll/it is but your offence

**T**o loue Guystarde I knowlege and confesse  
And euere shall whyle that my lyfe doth last  
Whiche is but shourt the trowthe for to expresse  
My herte and Wyll shall euere be stedfast  
yt loue may be whan that the lyfe is past  
My for to loue my herte shall neuer cease  
But and it may/it shall rather encrease



**T**father ye sholde haue well consydered  
That I am not made of yron nor stone  
But of your fleshe and nature engendred  
And though that by age your courage is gone  
Of youthe ye sholde haue consyderacyon  
How they be hent With ryght seruient desyre  
Of loue whiche doth thei hertes sore set on fyre

**F**orthermore ye myght ryght well consyder  
That ydelnelle and delycate ledynge  
In yonge people to lust is a breder  
And how I am in yonge age slopylshynge  
And of my husbände haupnge knowledgyng  
Of loue what the delycousnes ment  
Wherfore With desyre I sholde soone be hent

**I** beyng in boluptuosyte  
Bothe nyght and day my mynde I dyd apply  
By flamynge hete how quenched it myght be  
Without mannes helpe I knowe no remedy  
Wherfore my courage for to satysfy  
In secrete wyse I thought to ble the game  
So that no man therof me sholde dysfame

**L**oue and fortune my purpose forderynge  
A secret caue they made me for to fynde  
Wherof no man had any knowledgyng  
Whiche caue auanced my desyre and mynde  
Thynkynge I myght secretly vse my kynde  
But of your knowlege I greatly meruell  
The entrynge therof how that yecoude tell

Gyft.

C. f.

**C** Guystarde I haue not loued faynely  
As moost women be wont of theyr blage  
But of longetyme I dyd dilygently  
Regarde his good maners and wyldome sage  
His constaunt hertu and manly courage  
O. I wolde vnto hym ouer loue cast  
Whiche is so sure that it shall euer last

**B**ut for he is borne but of lowe degree  
Ye say to me the dede to be to me moze shame  
By your sayenge as seemeth vnto me  
Fortune and not Guystarde ye do now blame  
Unworthy men whiche byngeth to greate fame  
And they that be worthy of greate renome  
She kepeth lowe vnder her fell thraldome

**O**f one man we toke our ogyvall  
Vertu maketh man to be excellent  
Whose dede is good hym noble in many call  
Though your sayengetherto do not assent  
But ygnorant men thynke by theyr Judgement  
He is noble that is of greate estate  
Though theyr maners be woerthy for to hate

**T**he dedes of your nobles remembre  
And the maners of Guystarde therewithall  
Certes yf ye wyl iustely consydre  
Of noblenesse he shall be spreyall  
Noble or noble eyther ye may call  
They by the and maners are full contrary  
From noblenesse they greatly do vary

**C**I take recorde therof of your reporte do  
Whome ye haue prayled so excellently  
Of your assyrmynge I toke greate confort  
His vertu ye so moche dyd magnify  
And without I am dyscrepant truly  
There is no prayse to hym attributed  
But that he hath it full well deserued

**C**ys he be pooze yet he is excellent  
His noble vertu doth enhaunce his name  
His yowthe in your seruyce hath longe spent  
ys he be pooze therof ye be to blame  
With eychesse ye myght haue rapled his name  
Promocyon he hath deserued full well  
Douerthe dooth not gentylnesse expell

**A**nd where ye be in ambiguyte  
How ye may do to punyssh the offence  
Of the sayd doute I wyl make your herte fre  
To punyssh the Guystarde ys ye do pretence  
Upon me extcut the same sentence  
I was the cause that he dyd the trespass  
ys that he dye I coneyte not your grace

**C**Wethe I seve not no lyfe I wolde optayne  
But of Guystarde ys ye take not mercy  
Though ye wolde me spare I shall not refrayne  
But of my selfe take vengeaunce cruelly  
And ys we haue deserued for to dye  
Upon vs bothe accomplyshe your pleasure  
For after hym my lyfe shall not longe dure

**R**obert Coplande to the  
constauncy in loue of  
Sygysmonde.



**C**onstant lady / O lyght of louers lyne  
O turtle true / thy louer so absent  
What myght thou moze / thā w courage cleue  
Offre thy selfe / to be the moost vyolent  
For thy Guystarde / whiche hath his Judgement  
Alas my pen / for ruthe sorowe doth quake  
Onely for ruthe / that I haue for thy sake

**A**las swete woman / thou loued not for me  
Nor yet in comune / but stedfastly to one  
Whiche secrete was in worde / thought and dede  
And neuer loued but onely the alone  
Alas what sorowe now that he is gone  
Doth the compasse standynge all in drede  
Herynge hym iudged / to deth by spers Cancrede

**W**yll none excuse / thy faders herte relent  
And thou his chyld / O nature moost butrewe  
Alas me thynke / I fele the here present  
Berayned with teres / and all thy deedly hewe  
Thou dost not praye his fauoure to escheue  
But hardyed in loue / makynge thy Judgement  
Wenynge thereby / his herte for to relent

**C**oncluse.

**H**ow Guystarde was taken out of pylson and his  
herte cut oute of his body / & sente in a cuppe of golde  
to Sygysmonde.



**T**his pryncce peeryng his daughters courage  
Thought not þ she wolde her sayenge fulfyll  
But from her chambze he toke his passage  
To se his doughter it was not his wyll  
But Guystarde he determyned to kyll  
After whose dethe he thought she wolde refayne  
Forgettynge the loue that was with them twayne

**H**e commaunded them that dyd kepe the Tayle  
To strangle Guystarde by his fell iudgement  
Secretly in the nyght they sholde not sayle  
And from his body his herte they sholde rent  
And there withall they sholde do hym present  
Whose commaundement they durst not dysobey  
But executed it without delay

**C. iij.**

**C**ancrede in a cuppe of golde put the herte  
And by a secret seruaunt he it sent  
Vnto his doughter With this message smert  
Sayenge your father sendeth you this present  
That you sholde take conforste is his entent  
Of that whiche ye loued best in your mynde  
Whomē ye haue founde so stedfast true and kynde

**B**ut Sygysmonde after her father was gone  
Oute of her chambze her mynde to fulfill  
To the gardyne she went secret alone  
And gadzed beynymous herbes to still  
Where with she myght her selfe sodeynly kyll  
yf Gypstarde were slayne as she dyd suppose  
Than by that benygn her selfe she wolde lose

**B**ut after this message was to her tolde  
She toke the cuppe With a sadde countenaunce  
The herte therein sably she dyd beholde  
She pondzed within her remembraunce  
That it was his herte she had no dowtaunce  
Wherfore she sayd vnto the messangere  
These wordes folowinge With heuy chere

**C**ertayne my father hath well consydered  
This noble herte is not worchy to haue  
Othre sepulture to be entyzed  
For in a cuppe of golde sholde be his graue  
So greake a gyft he neuer to me gaue  
With greate thankes haue me recommended  
For his kyndnesse can not be deserued

**Ex.** Coplande by exclamacpon to  
Cancrede in executynge  
tyranny.



Ute on the tyraunt / O cruell Cancrede  
What hast thou done / fury to commyt  
Beholde Guystarde wouten herte here blede  
Wo worth thy dome / and haste shyttle wyte  
Outrage alas how is thy reason quyt  
Onely but dethe / fye out alas for wo  
No pylson / banysment / nor punysshynge but so

Thou hast not regarded the wordes of thy chylde  
Nor her answers / With promysse desperate  
But in angre thou hast / thy selfe begylde  
Now to repent / thou shalt it fynde to late  
Nise what cometh of doones abreyate  
But repentance / O sole insappent  
Of folyfhe Judge / an hasty iudgement

With dethe of one / thou thought to haue the other  
Thou ledest bothe / and all with hastynesse  
True loue of deth is the very mother  
Reorde of Dido / as Virgyll doth expresse  
Dyanyza / Ispyll / and Lucrese  
With many other whiche at this tyme I spare  
And now by the is come these louers share

**Finis.**



**H**ow Sygymonde dyed after the herte  
of Guyllarde was sent to her.



**S**he sayd messengere With this dyd departe  
Sygymonde holdynge the cuppe tenderly  
With her lyppes often kysed the herte  
Replenysshed With teres abundauntly  
With face pale for wo and melancoly  
Beholdynge it With deedly countenaunce  
In this wyse she wayled the wofull chaunce

**O**noble herte the pleasaunt hospytall  
Of my desyre Whiche by greate cruelte  
Hast synysshed for me thy lyfe mortall  
To knowe thy dethe it had suffysed me  
Though With myne eyes I dyd it not se  
But me thynke it is to me agreable  
Thou hast thy graue to the conuenable

**A**t thy last departynge there lacked nought  
But the teres of thy louer so free  
yet god hath put within my fathers thought  
Thy herte he hath sent hyder into me  
To fornyssh them at this thyne obsequie  
He knewe it loued me specially  
But with dry eyes I dyd thynke for to dy

**I** can desyre no better company  
Than thy noble herte at my departynge  
for to the it is ryght necessary  
To haue knowlege of my lyfe the endynge  
My soule with thyne to be is desyringe  
Ensemble that they may go theyr passage  
Where pleaseth god to theyr last pylgrymage

**T**hese wordes sayd she dyd dedyne her eye  
Upon the cuppe wherin the herte was layde  
Lyke a ryuer she wept haboundauntly  
But noyle or cry she dyd not out brayde  
As women be wont but with mynde dysmayde  
Full oft she kyssed there the deed herte  
Complaynyng on fortune false and peruert

**H**er gentyl women beyng there present  
What the herte spgnyfied they dyd meruayle  
And wherfore she dyd so greatly lament  
And for pite they dyd wepe and wayle  
Prayenge her to make to them reherfayle  
The cause wherfore she made so moche sorowe  
But in no wyse of her they myght it knowe

Guyt.

D. f.

And when she had wept suffyciently  
She dyed her eyen and ceased her wepyng  
And to the herte she sayd thus pyteously  
O noble herte best beloued of all thyng  
The offyce of loue I make now endyng  
For tyme it is that I sholde folowe the  
By cruell deth thy felowe for to be

¶ This sayd she dranke the popson without fere  
And on her bedde downe her selfe she layde  
The deed herte to hers she helde harde and nere  
Abdyng her deth without noyse or brawd  
The maydens of this beynge sore afrayd  
Suspect yng the drynke and lamentacyon  
To Cancrede therof they made relacyon

¶ Her father of this was greatly meued  
For he fered his daughters fell courage  
That her selfe with some thyng had greued  
To her chambze he toke fast his passage  
But the popson no medycyne coude assuage  
Wherfore he syghed and wept asperly  
Complaynyng his daughters harde destiny

¶ She prayed hym to cease so for to raue  
And that he of his extreme charyte  
Wolde burye her and Gypstarde in one graue  
And for she lpyng suffred myght not be  
Secrete to vñe famlyaryte  
That after her deth she vñcouertlye  
Myght belayd by hym where so he dyd lye

**C**ancrede for wo and sorowe coude not speke  
Sygghynonde felynge deth to appoche fast  
And that her eye strynges began to breke  
She badde them all farewell With mynde stedfast  
With that her soule out of her body past  
The herte full harde she helde vntyll her brest  
Vntyll that deth her lyfe had ouer prest

**T**hus the loue of these louers synysshed  
Cancrede after his woofull heuynesse  
In one sepulture them bothe entered  
Within the crite of Salerne doutlesse  
Full lyke a pynce With greate pompe and rycheffe  
To these two louers Ieu of his grace  
Graunt mercy & in heuen to hane a place. Amen.

**T**he lenuoy of R. Coplande.



**C**o tragedy vnto thy translatoure  
Betwyle to hē thy chaunce vnfortunate  
yf fought be amys / thyne impressoure  
In addycyon of sence myslytterate  
Pray hym of helpe / thy fautes to castygate  
And where nede is / to adde or elles detray  
Pardon of mysmakynge / gladly thou hym pray

**A**nd hym requyre / accordynge to promys  
His boke to acheue / he knoweth myne intent  
Whiche is of substance worthe many of this  
And moze worthy / of mater excellent  
How be it with this I do ryght Well assent

That he with Pamphletes many doth occupy  
Whiche morall booke redeth not wyllngly

**A**nd yf thou happe to reimpresyon  
Desyre them the whiche shall be the cause  
Though thou be yll that no transgressyon  
By them nor theyrs be made in ony clause  
Correcyon I agre but there a pause  
Folowe your copy and lette thaimendynge alone  
He may yll mende two tonges that can but one

**N**one be the maysters that with me wyll dele  
Than beware my lytell boke I pray  
From boyes and lernets lest they trow the stele  
And holly thy fautes vnto me lay  
Shewe forthe thy mater what euer that they say  
Of loue folly fortune hastynesse and shame  
Vnto thyne auctour and not to me the blame

**A**nd vnto them whiche chayned be in loue  
Shewe example of wyllfull appetyte  
Ordre eche where theyr courages to moue  
Well cometh entent taken of wyse respyte  
Gyue counsell to leue sensuall delyte  
Take the as myrrour suche daunger to ensewe  
By harme of other they may the same eschewe

**F I A I S**



**T**hus endeth the amorous hystory of Guy Rarde  
and Sygysmonde. Imprinted at London in  
Fleetestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by  
Wynkyn de Worde. In the yere of our  
lorde. M. CCCC. XXXij.



**D.iii.**









